

Surprise! by xSpookyxSpicex

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Summary:

The seven times Billy surprised Steve and the one time Steve surprised Billy.

1. I'm Sorry

The first time Billy surprises Steve is when he apologizes.

For starters, he isn't exactly sure how to feel about the prick knowing where he lives—"I have my ways," Billy says when Steve asks—and the fact that he brought fucking flowers puts him on edge. Of course, Mrs. Harrington is absolutely chuffed by the flowers and easily falls under Billy's charms, which makes Steve want to throw up. Still, she leaves them alone to make coffee and put the flowers in some water.

"What do you want, Hargrove?" Steve has to ask.

Billy shrugs. "To apologize."

Steve stares for a moment and then laughs until he realizes that Billy hasn't even flinched. "You can't be serious!"

"I *am* being serious. You got a problem with that?"

Steve pretends to think on it. "You know what? I kinda do. I don't know what kind of game you're playing at..."

"I'm not playing any games."

"...but I'm not buying it. On top of the fact that I *still* need pain-killers after the hell you put me through, you somehow found out where I lived, you started flirting with my mom right in front of me, and you have the balls to say you're sorry?"

"Yeah, I do, and it wouldn't kill you to..."

"You know what, Hargrove? Fuck you!"

That's when Billy snaps. "Harrington, will you just fucking listen to me?"

The rise in his voice makes Steve take a step back. He remembers, this time, to plant his feet. For a moment, he half-expects Billy's clenched fist to strike his face once or twice more, but it doesn't. Instead, it only shakes for a moment before loosening.

“Look,” Billy says. “You don’t have to accept my apology or anything, but I really am sorry for what I did. I’m sorry for giving you hell, for hitting you so hard, for fucking up your face, and for almost putting you in the hospital. I just want you to know that it wasn’t for you.”

Steve isn’t exactly sure what that last part means, but can’t ignore the way Billy’s voice lilts. He almost sounds like a completely different person and it’s almost unsettling. Their eyes lock for a moment; only a moment. That alone is even more unsettling, especially when Steve realizes that he hasn’t noticed just how blue Billy’s eyes are.

The moment doesn’t last.

Billy looks around, puts his hands in his pockets, and clears his throat. “Anyway,” he says. “I’ll see you ‘round, I guess.”

And then he leaves.

Steve doesn’t know what to say until the next day at school. At lunchtime, he finds Billy in the parking lot resting on the hood of his Camaro and smoking a cigarette and approaches him with three simple words:

“I forgive you.”

2. Bookworm

The second time Billy surprises Steve is when he offers to tutor him for a project.

The subject is English, which Steve sucks at. The project is to write an essay, which Steve also sucks at. The essay also has to be about two different books to compare and contrast, which Billy is actually good at. Pretty *damn* good, actually.

“Brontë and Austen are pretty much low-hanging fruit,” Billy tells Steve. “But they’re not a bad pair to work on.”

Steve furrows his brow. “And you know this because...”

“It’s called reading, dumbass, it’s part of the subject.”

“You’ve read *Jane Eyre* and *Pride & Prejudice*?”

“Of course, I have.”

“You *read*?”

Billy only laughs and arranges to meet Steve at the library after school. When they do, he not only analyzes both books as if he knows them by heart but he reads them as if he’s making love to the words. For a moment, Billy’s reading *Jane Eyre* and Steve gets lost in the way he recites Mr. Rochester’s declaration of love towards Jane as if he’s the boisterous Byronic hero himself.

Before they leave, Billy browses through the bookshelves before returning three books—*The Picture of Dorian Grey* by Oscar Wilde, *A Clockwork Orange* by Anthony Burgess, and *The Hobbit* by J.R.R. Tolkien—to the front desk only to replace them with another three—*Maurice* by E.M. Forster, *The Lord of the Flies* by William Golding, and *The Little Prince* by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. Steve can’t help but notice the way Billy’s baby blues light up when he sees a book that he’s either familiar with or is eager to read. He looks...well, he looks happy.

“Since when are you so crazy about books?” Steve asks when they

leave.

Billy seems to make an attempt at a smile and there's something hidden behind it that Steve can't quite put his finger on. "Since forever, pretty boy."

Billy the bookworm. Who knew?

3. Bumps and Bruises

The third time Billy surprises Steve is when he opens up about his parents.

It's more of a shock than a surprise, really. Sure, Billy's visited a couple of times. Usually, he's there to tutor or just hang out. They've been doing the latter a lot, lately, almost as if they're friends. Good friends, even. Suddenly, here he is at the doorstep in the middle of the night with a black eye.

"I didn't know who else to go to," is all that Billy has to say before Steve is leading him inside and placing an ice pack on the bruise that he can't stop staring at.

"It was Neil," Billy finally admits. He says it as casually as he would say hello and it feels like a punch in the gut to Steve. "It's my fault, really. I could have picked Max up from the arcade sooner but..."

"Your dad did this to you?"

"Yeah, what do you expect from a military man? You think a time-out is gonna shape me up?"

"I dunno, Billy, what's a black eye gonna do?"

Billy doesn't have an answer for that. Steve isn't expecting one.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrington won't be back from Paris, London, New York, or wherever until Monday, so Steve insists that Billy stay the night. Billy protests until Steve offers a better drink than any of Neil's cheap beers and a better meal than any of Susan's frozen pizzas. A warm bed doesn't exactly hurt either. Steve offers to sleep on the floor while Billy sleeps on the bed which, of course, that doesn't last. Soon, they're in bed together and the intimacy of it doesn't feel as uncomfortable as it probably should.

As they lay side-by-side, Steve has to ask: "How long has this been going on? With your dad, I mean."

"I dunno, as long as I can remember. It got worse after my mom

died.”

“What happened?”

“Well, she was always the one trying to protect me. Sometimes she’d take a beating for me if he got really mad. After that, she’d always cheer me up by reading to me.”

“Is that why you love to read so much?”

“Yeah, it made me feel like I could escape for a little while. It still does. Anyway, she died in a car accident when I was seven. After the funeral, I kept asking when she was waking up or coming back and it got on Neil’s nerves, so he told me that she was a good-for-nothing whore with her head in the clouds and that I should be grateful to be under his care ‘cause he wanted me to be a real man and not some dreamer like her. He beat me up real bad that night and that’s when I knew that my mom couldn’t protect me anymore.”

Steve scoots closer to Billy when he hears the way his voice cracks. He begins to feel a similar swell in the back of his throat when he pictures the younger boy when he was even younger, battered and bruised by the hands of his father and crying for his mother when she wasn’t there to kiss him better.

He surprises himself when he takes Billy’s hand. “I can protect you.”

Billy only scoffs. “Steve...”

“I mean it, Billy. Believe me, I’ve faced worse than what your dad could ever be and I’ve known how to protect myself and the people I care about. That’s a long story but my point is that whatever he does and whatever happens, I’ll protect you. I promise.”

For a while, Billy says nothing and Steve doesn’t expect him to. Then again, he doesn’t expect his answer to be a tightening grip on his hand either. They’re still holding hands as they sleep.

4. Out of the Closet

The fourth time Billy surprises Steve is when he comes out.

Steve has lost count of how many times he's seen Billy with a black eye, a fat lip, a bruised back, or a broken wrist and he's getting sick of it. He knows who's behind it all and it takes all of his strength to keep from grabbing his baseball bat and cracking the bastard's skull open, but the more sensible side of him tells him that it's best to hold his tongue.

Until he can't anymore.

For once, Billy goes to school with nothing to read. Steve notices this when he finds him skipping the first class of the day to smoke in the parking lot without a book in his hand. This raises an eyebrow, but he shrugs it off for a while until English class, the only class that Billy actually bothers to attend. They're studying *Wuthering Heights*, which Steve knows is one of Billy's favourites. Of course, he's read it enough times to memorize it and of course, he has his mom's well-thumbed hardcover from 1955 and not some cheap paperback. But he doesn't.

"I lost it," Billy tells his teacher, which Steve knows is bullshit. He wouldn't lose something like that.

After class, Steve finds Billy at his locker. "Did he take it from you?"

"Who? Take what?"

"Don't play dumb with me, Billy. You wouldn't lose that book if an army of Demo-dogs pried it from your hands."

"What the fuck are...?"

"Did Neil take your mom's copy of *Wuthering Heights* from you?"

For what feels like forever, Billy stares into space. "No, he burned it."

Steve's eyes go wide. His mouth opens, but nothing comes out.

"Burned 'em all," Billy continues. "I was out too late last night, we

got into an argument, so he took ‘em all and burned ‘em in a pile in the back lawn. All of ‘em. Right in front o’ me. *Wuthering Heights*, *Flowers in the Attic*, *De Profundis*, *James and the Giant Peach*, *Carrie*, you name it.”

Steve looks left and right before grabbing Billy. “We need to talk; in private.”

Before Billy can so much as open his mouth, Steve has him by the arm and is dragging him into an empty classroom. Billy struggles from his grasp. The door slams behind him before a single word of question can escape his lips.

“Why does he do it, Billy?” Steve demands. It isn’t long before he’s pacing the room, ranting and raving like a madman. Billy doesn’t say a single word. “He’s supposed to be your dad. Dads are supposed to love their kids, aren’t they? I mean, I may have called *my* dad an asshole before, but this guy, how many ways can he hurt you like this? How long is it going to take before he puts you in the hospital? What about your step-mom? What about Max? How long is he going to...?”

“I’m gay!”

Suddenly, the room is silent. Every word that may have spilled from Steve’s mouth seems to have all but evaporated into thin air.

“I’m gay, Steve. That’s why he hates me so much. He’d never hurt Susan or Max because he doesn’t give a shit about them, but me? I’m the faggot that needs fixing.”

A puzzle seems to form in Steve’s head. “So...you...he...”

“Yeah, he found out. It’s not the first time.”

“What do you mean?”

Billy rolls his eyes. “I mean it’s not the first time he’s caught me with a guy. Back in California, I knew this guy called David and I really liked him. One day, I had him over at my place and Neil caught us in the act. He beat David up pretty bad and then he did the same to me. That’s why he moved us here, so I wouldn’t be anywhere near David

or any other queer back in Cali.

“So the other night, I was out late with another guy. Tommy.”

Steve’s eyes widen. “Tommy Hill?”

“Yeah, bet you never thought the prick had it in him.”

“No, it’s not that. I mean...”

“Anyway, I really shouldn’t have been and—shocker—the guy turned out to be a bit of a prick, but Neil found out about it. We can’t afford to move to another place, so he went for my books. He said it was my mom’s fault I was a faggot; for making me a reader instead of a real man. So he took all of my books, dumped ‘em in a pile in the back lawn, and...”

Billy’s voice gets weaker with every word until all that can be heard is the tears that choke him. Steve never thought he’d see the young rebel look so vulnerable and the most painful part is that he can’t say or do anything to stop him from crying. He can only hold him.

5. Sweet n' Salty

The fifth time Billy surprises Steve is when they're on their first date.

They can finally admit to being friends but Steve would be lying if he didn't say he wanted them to be more than that. Since Billy came out to him, he may or may not have hinted that he might be a little bit gay himself. Just a little bit. He's not entirely straight, anyway. Still, after enough stolen glances, suggestive touches, and something resembling not-so-innocent flirting, he manages to ask the guy out. They'd meet at the diner for a meal and see a movie at the drive-thru; just the two of them.

"It's a date," Billy says with a smile.

It isn't really. That's what Steve tells himself, at least, even when it feels like one.

Billy looks different when he meets Steve at the diner. His hair isn't the mess of a mullet that he usually puts on but a fine array of blond curls, in the place of a ratty old band t-shirt is an open blue shirt that flaunts both his chest and the pendant that rests on it, and is that cologne that Steve smells? He's put in some effort.

"You look good," Steve can't help but say because it's true.

When they sit down, Steve is almost certain he feels Billy's foot grazing his own. He feels strangely that he should kick it away but he can't bring himself to, even as he tries to decide what he's going to order. For some reason, he feels he has no other choice but to graze his own foot against Billy's. Is he really playing footsie with his school bully?

They order a meal and eventually, the food comes. That's when Steve has to raise an eyebrow. Billy has a hearty burger and fries before him next to a chocolate milkshake...which he proceeds to use as a condiment.

"Did you just dip a fry into your milkshake?"

Billy only chuckles and pops another pink-tipped fry into his mouth. "What? You've never tried a frosted fry?"

"Um, no. Is that some weird California thing?"

"You could say that. Some of my old pals used to party by the boardwalk on weekends and hang out by the beach. We'd drink a lot, get high, fool around, and eat a lot of take-out. One night, after a little too much weed, someone thought it'd be funny to give it a try. I can't even remember who started it, we were so high, but fuck if it was a good night!"

There's a lilt in Billy's voice that Steve can't ignore. "You miss them, don't you? California and your friends?"

Billy hangs his head and smiles weakly. "Yeah, I miss 'em like hell."

Steve, amidst the awkward silence, wonders for a moment what it'd be like if he were suddenly torn from his own friends. He tries to imagine never seeing Nancy, Jonathan, Mike, Dustin, Will, Lucas, Max, Joyce, Hops, or even Jane ever again. For as odd a party as they are, they mean the world to him. Whoever Billy's party was had to have meant just as much to him.

Thinking quickly, Steve takes a fry from his own plate and dipped it into his own vanilla milkshake. Billy watches with a furrowed brow and a growing smile.

"Seriously?"

Steve shrugs. "If it'll cheer you up."

A laugh manages to pass through Billy's lips. "Well, don't just look at it like it's a used needle. Eat it."

Holding his breath, Steve prepares for the worst and pops the vanilla flavoured fry into his mouth. After a moment, he notices how the salt contrasts with the sugar.

"Okay," he admits. "It's not *that* bad."

Later, they're having fries with milkshake for dessert.

6. First Kiss

The sixth time Billy surprises Steve is when he kisses him.

Steve has a certain rule when it comes to kissing on a date. On the first date, won't kiss someone because he likes to leave them wanting more. On the second date, he *might* kiss someone but only a chaste peck. On the third date, he will definitely, totally, and absolutely kiss someone and there will be tongues.

Billy, clearly, goes by different rules.

They're still on their first date. Steve still can't believe he just had a meal of milkshake-dipped fries and Billy holds his hand throughout the entire movie, especially during the scary parts. By the end of the night, they're in the middle of an empty drive-thru and sharing a cigarette. Steve won't shut up about how freaky the vampire in the movie was, Billy won't stop looking around the empty field.

"I mean," Steve goes on. "That scene when Jerry was just suddenly in Charlie's room and then transformed into that fucked up looking monster? Man, I did not see that com-mff!"

Suddenly, Steve feels a hand pulling him by the scruff of his neck and his mouth is stopped by a pair of soft lips. He feels a pair of rough and warm hands on him, one moving from his neck to his cheek and the other sneaking its way into his shirt. As soon as Steve realizes what's going on, he responds. Steve half-expects Billy to kiss him like he wants to suck his soul from his mouth but he doesn't. Billy kisses like he wants to hold that soul in his arms and protect it with all that he has. He kisses him like he *cares*.

When it's over, Billy rests his forehead against Steve's, watching him as if desperate to hear a word from his mouth but nothing comes out until his feet are back on the ground. He wasn't expecting Billy to be such a good kisser.

"Well," Steve says with a smile. "I didn't see *that* coming."

Billy only laughs and gets him into the car, where they spend the rest

of the night in the back of the car just kissing. There are tongues.

7. Fight or Fright

The seventh time Billy surprises Steve is after their first fight.

They're by the Byers' place again. Maybe that plays a part in their argument. Maybe the fact that Neil was being an asshole again plays another part. Maybe the nailed baseball bat in Steve's hand plays another part. One thing is for sure: of all the things that they ever thought would settle anything between them, an army of demo-dogs certainly is not one of them.

Billy parks his car before the house and finds Steve at the front porch. Neither of them can deny the *deja-vu* they're experiencing.

"Am I dreaming or is that you, Hargrove?"

Billy rolls his eyes. "Yeah, it's me, don't cream your pants. We need to talk."

Steve looks around. "Now is really not a good time."

"Oh, really? Seems like a good time to me."

"I'm serious, Billy, you need to leave."

"Not until you tell me what's going on."

"What are you talking about?"

"Oh, where do I start? How about where the hell have you been these past few days? Why haven't you been talking to me as much as you used to? How come you've been keeping secrets from me?"

"Billy, I've been..."

"Seeing someone else?"

Steve all but freezes stiff. "What?"

"It's a simple question, Harrington, are you seeing someone else?"

“No! Billy, I...”

“Because if there is, I get it. I know you still like chicks too and I know you don’t wanna be seen with me, especially with Neil still around, but you only have to tell me.”

“That’s not it at all and I’m not afraid of your dad. I’ve just got a lot of important shit to deal with right now.”

“Yeah? How important?”

“*Really* important. Like, end-of-the-fucking-world important.”

Billy only scoffs. “C’mon!”

“I’m serious, Billy, for your sake you have to leave.”

“I’m not going anywhere until you tell me the truth!”

“I *am* telling you the truth!”

“Then fucking tell me...”

“Billy, watch out!”

Steve pushes Billy to the side and before he can tell him to fuck off, he’s watching as the other boy swings his bat at what looks like a dog. Once the creature hits a tree, he finds that it is not a dog, but some four-legged amphibian with a face like a flower with teeth. “What the fuck is *that?!?*”

“Something you better run from before its friends get here. Run.”

“I’m not leaving you.”

“I said run!”

“And I said I’m not fucking leaving you!”

Thinking fast, Billy finds a nearby tree stump with an ax still lodged in. He grabs it by the handle with an iron grip once he hears running. In the distance, he sees similar creatures to the flower-faced monster and plants his feet. By his side, Steve does the same. Both boys swing

their weapons at them the moment they attack.

Billy swings at one creature. "Is this the kind of important you were talking about?"

Steve swings at another creature. "Yeah, it is. It's a long story."

Bang! "I think now's the best time to tell it."

Whack! "Okay, so there's this lab in town that experiments on kids to investigate this other dimension. That's where these fuckers come from."

Crash! "And we're the ones fighting 'em, because?"

Bam! "Because some friends of mine found out about it when one of the kids escaped from this lab. Jane."

Pow! "So there is someone else."

Wham! "No, there isn't! There never has been, there never will be, and..."

"Steve!"

Out of nowhere, another four-legged and flower-faced freak of a creature tackles Steve to the ground. The baseball bat flies from his hand and falls out of his reach. He tries to push the monster from his face but feels his heart race once its face opens up as if to devour him. For all he knows, this could be it. This could be his last moment on earth. He could be dead in a second without having told his own boyfriend how he feels, until...

Thwack! "Stay away from my boyfriend, you son of a bitch!"

The monster flies away with a stream of blood trailing behind it. Once it hits the ground, Billy is towering over it with his ax raised high above him until it lands to the ground with a sickening crunch, splitting the monster in two.

Billy slowly turns to Steve, panting and covered in blood as he kneels to his side and strokes his cheek. "Are you okay?"

"Y-yeah," Steve stutters. "I-I-I think so. You...you saved me."

"Yeah, I did."

"You called me your boyfriend."

"Yeah, I did that too."

For a moment, everything stands still. Steve can only stare wide-eyed at a now blood-soaked Billy standing before him. For the moment, all he wants to do is to hold him forever. He wants to grab him by the waist and kiss the life out of him. He wants to trace apologies all over his skin with his tongue. He wants to make love to him right then and there. Instead, all he can do is kiss him, not caring for the monster blood soaking them, the pile of dead creatures surrounding them, or even the group of people watching them from inside the Byers' house wondering what the hell just happened.

8. (Not His) First Time

The first time Steve surprises Billy is when they first make love.

Billy doesn't expect Steve to be so at ease about sex. When they talk about it, he neither blushes nor giggles like a virgin. Instead, he smiles wickedly and bites his lip like a whore. At first, Billy doesn't think much of this. If anything, he just assumes that Steve is just trying to be brave for him and it's kind of adorable. How wrong he is proven when they get home. Since Mommy and Daddy Harrington are away on business again, it isn't long before they're making out on the couch and grinding against each other. They're already hard, knowing that tonight is the night.

"Billy," Steve purrs and it sends a pleasant chill down Billy's spine. "I want you to fuck me."

Billy furrows his brow. "You sure?"

"I'm sure."

"Steve, you don't have to. If you want to take your time...I mean, I don't want to hurt you."

"You won't. Please, Billy, I want this. I want *you*."

Damn those doe eyes. "Okay. Let's do it right, though. Where's your room?"

Steve's smile is wide when he pushes Billy off of him and leads him to the bedroom. Within seconds of closing the door behind them, they're stripping each other. Of course, this isn't the first time they've seen each other naked. They've showered together after gym often enough. Naturally, Steve has no reason to cover himself once the clothes come off. At least that's what Billy tells himself. Still, he half-expects the pretty boy to suddenly shy away from what they're about to do, but he does no such thing. All he does is kiss the life out of the other boy until they're both naked, hard, and pressed against the bedroom door.

Steve is the first to slip his tongue past Billy's lips. They've made out before, so that's nothing new. What is new, however, is the way he takes the other boy's length into his hand and strokes it in a way that couldn't possibly have been learned by touching himself alone. Before a single question of it is spoken, Steve falls to his knees and replaces his clever hand with his hot mouth, leaving Billy weak in the knees. Steve doesn't falter, doesn't flinch, and doesn't even gag.

"Jesus Christ, Steve!"

Billy wants to ask where Steve knew how to do this but feels he might come too soon if he continues any further. Instead, he takes the other boy by the scruff of his neck, pulls him up to his feet, and pushes him onto the bed. From then on, their kiss feels like a battle for dominance until Billy forces Steve onto his stomach and spreads his legs wide apart. Before he can lean any closer, he stops and stares.

"You're already prepped?"

Steve giggles, honest to God *giggles*, and it's the filthiest laugh that Billy's ever heard. "I stretched myself open before you got here. I couldn't help it. I just want you so much. God, Billy, just fuck me!"

Rarely one to be told twice, Billy tries to keep Steve on his stomach, but the pretty boy bounces back until he's straddling the young punk's lap. Reaching for the bottle of lube and string of condoms in his bedside drawer—"You *really* prepped for this, didn't you, princess?"—he sheathes and slicks his lover's cock and pulls it into him.

Soon, Billy is deep inside and there is neither fear nor pain on Steve's pretty face. Instead, there is nothing short of pure and unadulterated bliss when he touches himself as he begins to move at a steady pace, fucking himself on his boyfriend's cock as if he was born to do it. The sounds he makes are practically musical, from the ecstatic curses to the euphoric cries of Billy's name. Billy can only watch in awe and wonders if he will ever tire of watching Steve ride him.

Neither of them know how long it lasts. For all they care, it could be five minutes, five hours, or five days. They're too lost in one another to care at all until Steve comes all over Billy's stomach. When Billy

follows soon after, he feels like he's floating. It's only when they collapse to the bed that their feet are back on earth again.

Billy looks to Steve and just barely manages to speak through his heavy breathing. "Where did you learn to do that?"

"Do what?"

"Don't play innocent with me, pretty boy, you know exactly what. You've done that before, haven't you?"

Steve's cheeks go red and it's fucking adorable. "Maybe I have."

"Spill, then. Who taught you all that?"

It takes a long and deep breath for Steve to answer: "Tommy."

Billy's eyes are suddenly as wide as saucers. "Tommy Hill?"

"Yeah, that one."

"So...you two had a thing?"

"It was a casual thing, really. We'd either drink a lot or get high and fool around but it was always more experimental than anything else. He turned out to be a real dick but at least now I know how I like dick."

Billy doesn't say a word. It takes a few minutes for the idea of the two of them together to sink in. Somehow, he has a difficult time picturing it, though not for the reasons he thought.

"You thought I was a virgin, didn't you?"

"Kind of. I never pictured you with any other guy. Maybe I didn't want to."

"Why's that?"

"I guess I wanted to be your first."

Steve rests his head on the ball of his hand. "Are you disappointed?"

Billy thinks a moment. "You know, I thought I'd be but not really; I'm a little more pleasantly surprised, I guess. You were pretty damn good."

Steve laughs softly and leans in to kiss Billy and whisper against his lips: "Surprise!"